

TO-DAY'S SERMON  
BY DEAN SCHUYLER.

Text—First Corinthians, 9, 25. "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

"A circular from the bishops of the Diocese says: 'The Church Temperance Society seeks to promote by temperance measures the vastly important work of making men temperate. Its officers ask that Nov. 11, next, be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, called Temperance Sunday, and that the clergy be requested to present to their people the following resolutions: 'Resolved, that we heartily concur in the value sought to be assigned to the important matter of temperance, and that we will do our best to secure that the clergy, will comply with the request made.'"

"In accordance with and in answer to this request, I shall attempt this morning very briefly to present to you some of the reasons connected with the importance and duty of being 'temperate in all things.' The Church Temperance Society, as you are all aware, has taken different grounds on which to base its claims, and the associations who have banded together as the associates of the friends and promoters of temperance, have taken different grounds, and on different principles, some of the grounds on which I briefly summarize, I have only time to give published articles of their creed, and I may so

The question, let us repeat, entire prohibition and the legal regulation and restriction of the use of alcohol, are not only different, but banishment of such sale altogether, it is a most serious consideration, and one that must be met by the most thoughtful and conscientious public men. Whether this extreme measure is necessary, or whether it is the best, is a question that is to be decided by the people, and at war with that liberty and freedom of action which is the right of every human being is entitled by virtue of his birthright. In view of such a question we are not to be deterred by the fact that the decision on the ground that a doubtful law involving such a high question, and one that is so important, should not be in no uncertainty before enforcement. It is not to be said that the question is to be proved by repeated trial, that prohibition is the best, and that it is to be denied by its advocates, but it is safe to say that at the best it has only a ten per cent chance of being the best, and that whether the temptation to violate the law is so great, and the disposition to disregard not encouraging, disposition to disregard the sanction of all law, which may work out in the end, to the benefit of the community as the Vice it is intended to check.

"Fourth—It will strenuously oppose the legalizing of the sale of liquor on Sunday

termed it, of the Church Temperance Society. It is, as there stated, 'A union on perfectly equal terms between those who use temperately and those who abstain total-ly from the use of the same.' It is, I think, the only one of the kind in the country, and I am glad to see that it is one of the most important parts of our duty as connected with the practical advocacy of temperance. As Christian people we must all acknowledge the

"St. Paul says in the context, 'I keep my body under and bring it into subjection.' What is implied when I say 'subjection' the body is to be understood there the whole man is to be understood there. The mind and lusts were ever hostile to the inner man and spirit. Clearly as here used there was no intention of subduing the mind, but of simple curbing and denying of the appetite of the body, the equally sinful pampering of the belly, as the end of living. To control the body is to bring implicit self-control in every particular.

"A man may be a total abstemious so far as drink is concerned, and yet a glutton, a personification in every form of selfishness, polluting society with his licentious indulgences and bringing disgrace upon himself and family. Many of those who are the loudest and most ardent advocates of total abstinence, are ready to denounce all those who do not act with them as devoid of Christian charity and philanthropy, and in their private lives liable to many grievous charges of gross immorality. And so too they will find fault with those who are among the most exemplary followers of the Lord who conscientiously believe that it is wrong to eat meat. It may be made effective in stemming the tide of crime and immorality by inducing filices but by their total abolition of alcohol and freedom to them full freedom of thought to those who are not Christians, and freedom to those who may differ from them, and thus the grace of temperance may be lost sight of altogether. The man who would force those who are conscientiously opposed to contrary opinions."

—G. W. B.

"The language of the law is explicit enough. An attempt was made a few years since to put the law in execution in this city, and it was tried before one of the Judges of our local courts and a decision rendered adverse to the enforcement of the law on the ground of the existence of an old law contravening its provisions. It has afterward brought before the Supreme Court on another issue, and a decision obtained which leaves the matter now beyond all doubt. There is then a law which forbids the opening the doors of the churches for the purpose of

approve and uphold the unselfish efforts of those who enlist in a crusade against vice, when controlled by prejudice and discretion. May this be the experience of our city."

One of the best helps toward heaven is a good mother.

It does honest work.  
Let flowers bloom all the year round, and the bees will quit work.  
The greater the house built on the sand, the greater will be the loss.  
When our hearts refuse to pray as Christ teaches, He will be our Lord.  
Do good to yourself, and you will help each other man to behave himself.  
The poorest people in the world are those who try to keep all they get.  
The devil fears no man's profession when it is higher than his practice.

Make home like heaven, and you will  
 know how much you want to go there.

Every trial God permits us to have, is to  
 teach us something new about Christ.

Prove that there is no devil, and every man  
 in the world will be your friend.

As soon as we begin to have peace with  
 God we begin to have war with self.

The man whose heart is set on things  
 perishable, loses all when they perish.

It is not the man who is strong who left  
 it has something it is willing to give up.

The better a man is pleased with himself,  
 the better the devil is pleased with him.

The devil will get a hard blow in the  
 face on the day when woman is given the  
 ballot.

Let no people would think twice before  
 they speak they would keep still most of  
 the time.

There would be more revivals if more of  
 the preaching were done to sinners in  
 the church.

Many a woman who has been the object of  
 revivals can look back and say she and  
 her husband are better than they were

Wolves in the Fold.

**The Denver Healer.** So great has been the sensation created by the reports of the miraculous cures effected by Francis Schlatter, the Denver "Healer," and so widespread is the belief in his power to perform divine power that some religious editors have seen fit to make a thorough investigation of the matter. The Lutheran Observer has gone to the length of publishing a special supplement in an article in that paper denouncing Schlatter as a "charlatan." The thousands who daily come to be cured and go away singing the praises of Schlatter, however, are not so easily swayed away their crutches and paralysis regimens.

**Worthy of Imitation.** The converts of the Samoan Islands have given as much as \$6,000 in one year to the work of missions. The Fijian Christians contribute \$5,000 annually to the same cause. The church in the Friendly Islands has given \$4,000 in one year. In the Sandwich Islands the contributions of the native Christians in mission churches averaged in one year \$75 a member, and of the Presbyterian Church was but \$17.50, and of the Wesleyan \$10.

The able correspondent in Japan to the New York Herald, Col. John A. Cockrell writes that two parties are at work in Japan

The prevalence of Gypsy encampments suggests this bit of information. Experts in Gypsy lore believe that they were the

Opinion of a Native.

The Rev. Mr. Tamura, a native Japanese preacher, who was educated in this country, and is a type of

[illegible]

Shanghai is China's chief port, not excepting Canton. It contains almost 400,000

**North Africa Once Christian.**  
There is a tribe of people in the Atlas

Mahomet, Miss Heldman of the North African Mission at Fex came across them. Their present knowledge of Christianity is crude, but there were traces of an older faith that was in all probability the religion of the Nazarene. Over the entrance to their caves are various inscriptions cut in the rock. In one instance a cross was seen, and in another place the words: "I am the Good Shepherd."

has this question been discussed, and a startling array of facts and figures quoted by the enemies of Christ. And the only answer is the steady, onward march of our glorious religion. But a new argument is now brought forth to show the decline of Christianity and its ultimate extinction. An Amer-

particularly in the United States, and he says: "Among all these dissenting bodies there has been during the last half century a steady growth of conservatism, and even the Sunday services; and in the great cities, in the East and West, densely inhabited portions, consolidations of two or more of these bodies have frequently taken place." The foundations of Protestant dissent in America have been shaken to pieces, and Protestantism as a religious belief is a thing of the past. The Presbyterians are to-day Unitarians, the Methodists are to-day Episcopians, and the Lutherans of to-day would

**Brief Notes.**  
The Christian Endeavor movement has been heartily indorsed by the African Methodist Episcopal Church. At a recent meet-

A certain Hebrew church in California is trying hard to get its Rabbi to cease from the old tradition of wearing a Roshn Kavanah and the Tzitzit in English. Many Eastern synagogues now conduct the entire service in English.

manized in one of the Shelter Islands.

A very large number of the United Methodist Free Church of England, Rev. E. Abbott, said in a recent address that the denomination had lost 100 members in ten years by leakage, a number equal to the whole present membership. He further stated that the only way to stop the movement is stopping the leakage.

There is no little space left now in Westminster Abbey for the creation of new monuments and memorials that several suggestions have been made as to its enlargement. It is proposed that the vacant space of 650,000 cu. ft. to be used in adding a large new chapel to the Abbey.

The first Sunday school was founded by Ludwig Hucker at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pa., in 1740-1741. The first Sunday school in America was founded by Robert Raikes at Gloucester in 1780.

**Read Thoughts.**

Save me from selfish plans; let my heart  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, transfer  
The bitter longings of a vain regard  
To the dear objects of my love.

**Prayer.**

O, thou did not visit

Some churches are like Durham Cathedral during the middle ages—part of the time devoted to the worship of God, and off and on used as a fortress for contention among men. ANON.

Christian life has four elements: First, admit; second, submit; third, commit;

We have plenty of our own.      GOETHE  
 There is no death! What seems so is trans-  
 tion;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysia  
 Whose portal we call death.      LONG  
 Put off repentance until to-m  
 you have a day more to repent.  
 day less to repent in.  
 WIT AND WI.  
 REBUKED BY SATOLLI

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 18.—It transpires, through an explanation issued by Bishop Bonaccini, that the Diocesan Commissioners on Oct. 3 suspended Fr. Murphy and Fr. Fitzgerald for contumacy, having been among the foremost supporters of Fr. Corbett. The two priests wrote to Mgr. Satolli,

and the Apostolic Delegate has sent them the following letter through the Bishop:

"Reverend and Dear Sir—Although your letter does not deserve an answer, couched as it is reprehensible and unbecoming language, which shows a total lack of devotion, respect and reverence and respect for your lawful superior, nevertheless, for your information, I will say that a person who is adjudged to be in violation of the canonical law, avail himself of the remedy of an appeal. I am, reverend and dear sir, your very devoted servant in Christ.

BISHOP SATOLLI

from occupying or using in any way the church buildings. Fr. Vanderriet has been appointed to the Auburn parish and Fr. Caraher at Tecumseh.

London parish and wrote of it thus: "Over and above the physical misery the impression was never died out of my mind of the supernatural and entirely astonishing deadness and dullness of these poor people. Over that parish Dante's inscription, 'Leave hope behind, all those who enter here, may die', have been written. There was no amusement to diversify the dull round of life except the public house; there was nothing to give the people of anything to do but those who were able to go to the theatre, rewarded by slow starvation. In my experi-

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**Dr. Bauer Discusses the Hamilton  
and Other Cases.**

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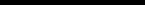
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expresses itself rather like the French crusts than in warranted to produce a soft and supple texture to the waist line any brisk exercise—most like the daily regimen. And athletes, the may after a hard day's work, a mild repose, for the comfort of the waist measurement is a never

and his daughter, Mrs. Oswald Muller, who resides in the old house, told the story.

"The Commodore used to row past this house," she said, "and soon became acquainted with Sally Lake. She was the

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...tus, the historian of Greece, is now ad-  
...sed, Emperor William having ad-  
...him an active Fritz, Commander  
...Geheimrath.



Beauty and Refinement on Old  
Kaskaskia's Banks.

\_\_\_\_\_

...the purchase of French sports than in  
athletics which are warranted to produce  
rhythmic lines.  
An intelligent attention to the waist lines

ny brisk exercise—m like form part of her  
ally regimen. And u like the professional  
hletes, she may aft awhile sink into  
ld repose, for the co rest with increasing  
alist measurement is never-ending one.

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How Old Cornelius Wooded Pretty  
Sally Lake.

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# TESTS THAT FILL OUT A PLEASANT DAY

## INVASION REPULSED

(From St. Paul)



1. Ah, Augustus, if I could only really believe—



2. Oh, goodness! there is that horrid Mr. Jones coming upstairs.



3. Quick! Hide under the table!



4. What is this frightful monster? Let me get out!

### HER SILENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN GOLDEN.

She had just heard of Mabel's engagement to the Count and, of course, woman-like, she must hasten to congratulate her. This is the way, then, in which she did it, bless her dear soul!

They were sitting in the twilight, just at that hour when confidences are the easiest. She knew Mabel was there, but of course it must just happen that they accidentally met, you know.

"Oh, Mabel, how you startled me! I didn't know you were here."

"No," there was a forced expression upon the other's face.

"I am so glad, dearest, for I have just heard the news."

"The news? What news?"

"Oh, you blessed little innocent! You needn't hide it, least of all from a dear old friend like me. I was so glad, don't you know, I suppose it will be in all the papers to-morrow."

"What, pray?"

"Why, your engagement to the Count, of course."

"Why, I assure you—"

"There! there! No pretty little fibs, now. Everybody has been talking about it, and every one congratulates you. But, say, lovely!" A deep sigh of tolerance followed the outspoken word.

"Of course you knew that you were away up in the twenties, didn't you?"

"Indeed!" The brown eyes flashed indignantly.

you are mad. He proposed last night to Mabel here."

"Indeed!" broke in the young girl. "I confess it is true. I refused him. But what of that?"

"Indeed, what of that?" echoed the proud mother. "Mabel's loss is my gain; and, like it or not, my dear, the Count is my fiancé."

"Excuse me!" said the Senator, "but anything you may have to say to me must not be in the shape of a check."

### HER DREAM.

The servant girl dreams on the dark top floor. She dreams she's a queen in the gorgeous East. Where music is trembling softly o'er the shimmering fruits of the rosy feast. Oh! sad will she be when the morning dawns, And the clock goes off at her ear like a flash.

And she has to climb into her airy duds To hustle the matutinal hash!

**An Averted Catastrophe.**

The gauntlet was flickering solemnly, and the tickling clock on the parlor mantel was ticking in a most decorous and subdued manner.

"You," he said for the six hundred and thirty-eighth time, "you, Sara, are the only girl I ever loved."

Through the semi-darkness she gazed fixedly into his eyes.

"I will take your word for it, but—" She leaned towards him eagerly.

"Am I the only girl you ever will love?" At this juncture her younger sister came

### TOO EASY TO TRACE.

"On behalf of your constituents," said the delegate, "I want to tell you that there are several bills now in the house that must be killed in passage. What I have to offer you now will serve as a check—"

"Excuse me!" said the Senator, "but anything you may have to say to me must not be in the shape of a check."

### What Mommer Thought About It.

From Fick.

Since Emma's bin to boardin'-school she's got so very wise. She don't do nuthin' but read them fool French novels around the place. She smokes cigarettes; yes, that she do. Because she thinks it's chic; I'm afraid she'll be a regular rouse! I wish they'd make her sick!

### An Undeserving Creature.

From Judge.

"I reiterate it!"

It was an emaciated woman who spoke, and her earnest tone betrayed her depth of feeling.

"I reiterate it, I say! A woman who will beat her husband, the tender, timid darling she has vowed to protect and cherish, she does not deserve to have one."

### THOROUGHLY CORRECTED.

"Look here, Gligal! I understand that you have been saying I am often drunk."

"Yes, I have made that remark, Jay-smith."

"Well, you've got to make a retraction—a thorough retraction, you understand!"

"I'm willing to do that, I'll tell everybody that you are often sober."

### HER LASHES.

In memory young, with ardent sighs, I praised the lashes of her eyes; But now each day my heart is wrung By the poignant lashes of her tongue.

### SHE ACCOMMODATED HIM.

Willis: "Dearest, will you love me alone?"

Marie: "Certainly. You don't suppose I would want to make a show of myself by loving you in public, do you?"

### Fin de Siecle.

From the Rockland Tribune.

The outraged parent clapped his hand upon his sword.

"Draw and defend yourself!" he hissed.

But the prodigal son preferred to wait until the old man had got back to the city. Then he made it a sight draft, with expense of collection added.

### HE KNEW SHE WAS PRETTY.

The man with the V-shaped nose tilted his plate to get the last struggling remnant of soup.

"Our new lady boarder is pretty," he observed, confidently.

"Indeed," smiled the man with the barbed-wire beard, glancing pleasantly at his own reflection in the gravy dish. "What makes you think so, since we haven't had the pleasure of seeing her as yet?"

"Well—"

The man with the V-shaped nose tucked his napkin carefully around his collar bone. "I noticed as I came down stairs that a heavy mat had been placed on the floor in front of her mirror."

At this juncture the door leading from the kitchen opened, and the day before yesterday's roast beef came in with the servant to make another part fare farewell tour. This time it took the form of a stew.

### Tested.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Fillison tells me that if he had had any idea how much bicycling strengthened the knees he would have begun riding long before he did."

"Well, Fillison ought to know what he is talking about. His fiancée weighs nearly 150 pounds."

### UNDOUBTEDLY SO.



Mamma—You know, Tommy, it's as much as it does you when I have to beat you.  
Tommy—Yes, mamma; but not in the same place.

### POOR CHAP!

Bilson: "Well, Tonson, how are your love affairs progressing?"

Tonson: "I am between two fires just at present."

Bilson: "How so?"

Tonson: "I was fired last night and I expect to get fired again to-night."

### HELPED THEM OUT.

De la Ware: "Peaches were never as cheap as they are now."

William Ann: "How do you account for that?"

De la Ware: "The crop was more fully destroyed than usual last winter."

### HIS HEAD WAS WORKING.

Cabby: "Come along and get in, if you want to drive home."

Toots: "Wait a minute; I've got to bring this lamp-post along to hang on to when I try to get out."

### NO ANXIOUS CARE.

Reformer: "How are you going to cast your vote?"

Dusty Rhodes: "Dunno; the man I sell to has to look out for that."

### The Only Opportunity.

From Judge.

"In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," quoted Mr. Rickard reflectively.

"No, nor in the other place either," said Miss Fypp. "That is something we attend to while on the earth, or else it forever undoes."

### Crushed.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Cheer up, you know," a woman's voice called out to a man who was sitting on the ground, looking dejected.

"But the lady isn't here," said the man. "I don't know what to do."

### ONE FOR EACH.

(From Fick.)



Copyright, 1895, by Koppert & Schwermann, Inc.  
Mrs. Hoolihan—Wan divorce wud be no good; I want two av thim.  
Marks, the Lawyer—What are you driving at?  
Mrs. Hoolihan—Thot six divil de be leadin' a dooble life.

nation. "I was nineteen on my last birthday, if you please."

"Oh, you dear little ingenue! I didn't mean that; I meant that you were twenty-something on the Count's list of proposals. All the others refused, you know. Then proudly, "I was number four, I believe."

"Ah! How flattering!" She shifted uneasily.

"Yes, you see, we could not bear to think of giving up a cool million. But after the twentieth refusal I understand that he got frightened and came down to a paltry hundred thousand or so."

"Really? How well informed you are!"

"Oh, so more than all the others—except you, perhaps. That was the principal reason I refused him. I've got other and better use for my money, you see. But, perhaps, you—"

"I hadn't heard anything about that."

"Not! But, of course, you can't help that now. You must make the best of it. Hello! Here comes mamma. I wish she wouldn't wear such bright colors. Papa has only been dead four years. But, I suppose, at the seaside one must be gay with the rest. Why, how flushed she looks. Mamma, have you been drinking champagne?"

The elated woman drew near. "Champagne! I have been drinking in something more intoxicating than that, Count de Joubert, the French nobleman, has just proposed to me. Congratulate me; I accepted him."

"You accepted the Count? Mamma—"

into the parlor and probably averted a disaster. At any rate the situation was a most critical one for him.

**Helping Each Other.**

From Life.

Mr. Cawker: "I admire the helpful spirit the Wilberforce boys display. They are always doing what they can for each other."

Mr. Cusmo: "What have they done lately?"

Mr. Cawker: "John has become a dentist while James has established a candy factory."

**NO.**

Bobbie: Every word that each said in the debate struck the other forcibly. Bobbie—Then it would hardly be called a "missing word contest."

**Apparent.**

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The merry throng dispersed itself in jocular manner, but she alone stood apart. At least she was the only one of whom such could be said with certainty. None of the others wore bloomers.

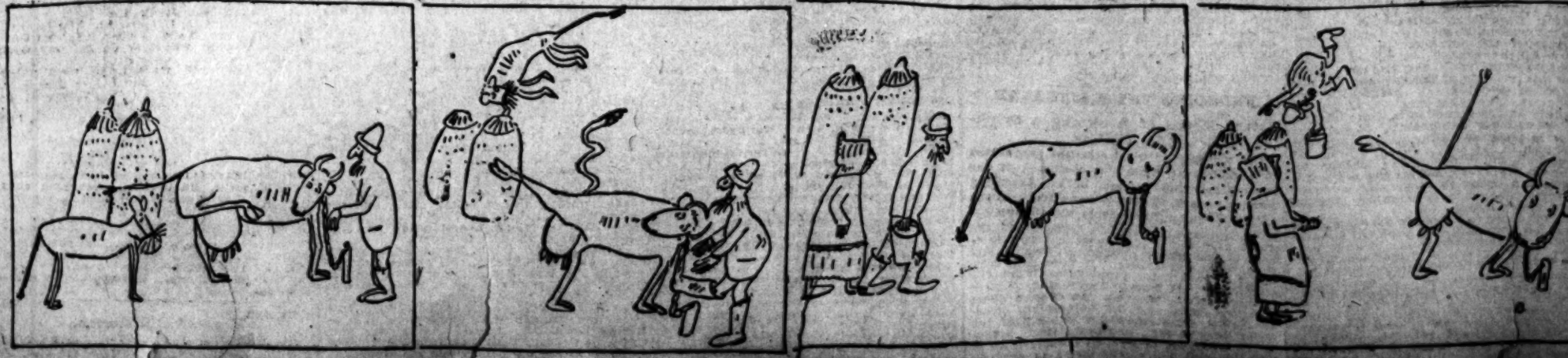
**HEE FEET WERE ASLEEP.**

The summer girl rose with tingling toes, and said: "As I surmised, I've been sitting here so long, my dear, My Tribbles are Svergalised."

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### SKETCHED BY JOE, OUR OFFICE BOY, DURING HIS VACATION IN THE COUNTRY.





# WITH LAUGHTER, DRIVING CARE AWAY."

## A PEACEFUL TOWN.

Somehow, however, there was a **RUDE** in the current of events.

From the Detroit Free Press.  
As I sat on the veranda of the village tavern and looked about me I thought it one of the most peaceful towns I ever saw, and said as much to the Justice of the Peace, who occupied a chair beside me.  
"Yes, pretty peaceful, but," he replied as his right hand went slowly back to his pistol pocket.  
"But what?" I asked.  
"But you don't want to mix in when it comes off. You best way will be to go through that door an' upstairs, and don't come down as long as you hear any shooting."  
"But I don't understand, Judge. Is there to be any shooting around here?"  
"Sartin to be."  
"When?"  
"Purty quick, I reckon."  
"But what about?"  
"Well," he drawled as he pointed down the street, "dye see that obery hawg wallerin' in the mud down there?"  
"Yes, I see a hog."  
"He belongs to Sam Batterson, the cooper, and Sam he's mighty tender to-wards that hawg since his wife died. Now, then, dye see that pecky dawg up the street by that shade tree?"  
"Yes, I see him."  
"He belongs to Joe Stivers, the harness-maker, and Joe thinks so much of him, that he makes his children sleep on the floor that the dawg may have a feather bed all to himself. In about five minutes that pecky

## CALLER BACK.

I had a dream the other night,  
Which gently o'er me stole;  
A dream that gave my heart delight,  
And peace unto my soul.  
I dreamt this morn'g had passed away,  
That woman ruled our land,  
And had the rent and tithes to pay,  
And all our bills to stand.  
They swept our streets, they saved our wood,  
And dug our sewers, too;  
They bought our clothes, and likewise food,  
And all we did was chew.  
And when a deadly war broke out,  
They shouldered musket guns,  
They put the dastard foe to rout,  
And slew some sixty tons.  
Yet some, methought, fell on the field,  
And widowed husbands left,  
But persistent soon the sorrows healed  
Of those that were bereft.  
In truth the world seemed void of cares  
For men of high degree;  
Rich damsels, multi-millionaires,  
Sought them from o'er the sea.  
And as for me, my lot seemed blest,  
My raiment was of silk;  
My daily duties were, at best,  
To feed the baby milk.  
And thus I dreamed, and dreamed, and  
I dreamed of soaring higher,  
Till in my ear Dorothy screamed,  
"Get up and start the fire."

## HOW THE CONTORTIONIST FOOLED THE CONSTABLE.



## Mary Ellen Eastside and Her Ma.

From Judge.  
"Ma's good, but she's awful wearin'. Gittin' fretty at Tommy an' me sometimes; but never at Bob. Bob's her chicky-dee. Ma got a notion o' gittin' married ag'in after pa'd been dead 'bout a year; but we young 'uns wouldn't have it for a cent.  
"There was a galoot come chinnin' round her 't use ter peddle sassafras; everybody said they was made out o' cats.  
"Tommy an' me used ter wait for his waggin an' then pelt him with tomatoes or snowballs, or anything we could git our hands on, an' then we'd meow like all possessed.  
"He had an ole blin' nag 't uster stop at every liquor store on the home trip.  
"One day 'Catey' come 't our house (we was livin' in a house in Orchard street then). He was intoxicated, an' Bob fired him. That was the last o' him.  
"Ma 't thanked ma an' me went up 't Yonkers, an' on the cars was a man 't kep' a-winkin' at ma from the time we first started.  
"Bimeby ma says 't me:  
"Mary Ellen, I told you when you got that hat it was entirely too fur a wurkin'-girl. Now, there's a man oppo'site winkin' at you an' I want ye 't change seats with me."  
"Fiddlesticks, ma!" I says. "It's you he's a-winkin' at. I've told ye a hundred times it's time ye laid off that widder's veil. Goin' round advertisin' for a husband when pa's been dead seven years! It don't correspond with yer general gittin' up in no way.  
"But I had 't change seats with her, jist 't keep her quiet; an' the man kep' on winkin'. At last ma says:  
"Mary Ellen! when the conductor comes

## AN OLD GRUDGE SETTLED.

Thirty Years After the War, but the Memory of It Was Fresh.  
From the Chicago Tribune.  
"Right here," said the old Union soldier, digging his cane into the ground, "I stood on picket duty thirty-two years ago."  
"And I stood on picket duty right over there," said the grizzled old Confederate warrior, pointing with his long finger at a spot a few furlongs away.  
"I wonder," exclaimed the former, "you're the Johnny Reb that gave me a shot of tobacco when I hadn't had a chew for one?"  
"It's you're the Yank that gave me a canteen nearly full of whisky when I was dying for a drink," rejoined the Southerner. "I am!"  
The voice of the old veteran from the North trembled slightly when he spoke again.  
"I have always thought," he said, "that if ever met that man again this side of the Jordan I'd tell him that that tobacco was the meanest, cruelest, goods-and-nothings, doggedest stuff I ever put into my mouth."  
"Yank," replied the old boy in gray, with emotion, "I've always wanted for live long enough to meet the man that gave me that whisky and tell him it was the worst, nastiest, cheapest, infernalst booze that ever insulted the stomach of a white man, begad, sah!"  
Then the two old warriors shook hands and moved off arm-in-arm in the direction of a tent that had a barrel inside of it.



## DAWG WILL SIGHT THAT OBER HAWG, AND THAR'LL BE A ROW.

"The dog will pitch into the hog, you mean?"  
"Sartin to be."  
"And then?"  
"And then Sam Batterson will pitch into the dawg, and Joe Stivers will pitch into Sam Batterson, and the first thing you know the hull town will be pitchin' inter each other. As said befo' you'd better keep your eyes on that coon office 't want to mix in."  
"But, Judge, why should a little scrap between a hog and a dog lead to?"  
"Thar goes the pecky dawg!" exclaimed the Judge, as he sprang up and started down the steps, drawing his pistol as he went.  
I made for the door and the stairway and reached my room. The shooting opened lively and was sustained for about ten minutes. When it appeared to be over I descended to the veranda. The Judge was just coming up the steps from the street. He had his hat in his hand, and there was blood on his cheek where a bullet had grazed it.  
"Wall, it's all over till next time!" he remarked, as he sat down and examined his pistol to see how many cartridges were left in the cylinder.  
"Anybody killed?" I asked.  
"One or two, I reckon, and three or four hurt; but it don't begin to be as lively as usual. The pecky dawg was shot, however, and now Joe Stivers will be layin' for Sam Batterson every day in the year and thar'll be no end of public enthusiasm!"

## DISCRETION THE BETTER PART.

"Oh! you shameless, heartless, wicked woman—how dare you turn your back on me!"  
"Against the dam broke and the tears rolled down her cheeks."  
"How dare you confess to me to his wife—that you have an attachment for my husband?"  
The other made no response.  
"Oh! you scoundrel, I've a mind to scratch your eyes out!"  
Under the circumstances the female Sheriff deemed it better to retire and await a more favorable opportunity for serving the papers.  
"For my part!"  
Fatima the Favorite shrugged her shoulders and glanced contemptuously at the Christianian beauty who sat quietly at the other end of the room. "I think very little of the new woman."  
It was plain to be seen that the latest arrival had not made a hit among the other ladies of the harem.

## "UNEASY LIES THE HEAD."

The Queen of Madagascar smiled bitterly.  
"After spending thousands in Paris for Worth dresses!"  
She paused behind a rocky eminence to get her breath and brush away the mud which had accumulated on an exquisite creation of mauve silk and yellow lace.  
"here I am thrown down by the French!"  
Biting viciously into a portion of navy plug, she crawled into a cave and waited until the outriggers in pursuit had lost themselves in the jungle.

## WHY HE TOOK OFFENSE.

Willie: "You must be an India-rubber man, Mr. Satter."  
Mr. S. "Why so?"  
Willie: "Because I stamped on you, and you were bounced about twice a week."  
"BUT THAT COMES LATER."  
Wheeler: "Old Gottumny has bought the Hankinson building. He's remodeling it and is going to call it 'The Kipling.'"  
Willie: "He's going to add another story to it, I suppose."

## WELL PUT.

Marie: "What's the secret of learning to ride the bicycle?"  
Marie: "Reverse the Scriptures."  
Marie: "How so?"  
Meg: "Always let your left leg know what your right doeth."  
A TAME AFFAIR.  
Shuggers: "How was de excursion last Sunday?"  
Thickneck: "Dead tame! W'y, comin' back dere was only one pair of legs hangin' out of de window, and dey was a man's!"

## A QUESTION OF GENDER.

Mr. Ticker: "I have a problem with regard to the evolution of woman I would like you to answer."  
Mrs. Ticker: "Well, what is it?"  
Mr. Ticker: "When the new woman rules in Wall street will those who try to force up prices be called bulls or what will they be called?"  
HIS LOGIC.  
Williston: "Do you believe that misery likes company?"  
Babs: "I'm sure of it. See all the marriages there are this fall!"  
Sing a Song of Bicycles.  
From Truth.  
Sing a song of bicycles, a pocket full of four-and-twenty different kinds, and each the best one sold.  
Each one with its partisans, its eulogies to sing;  
Every one the damnest that ever bore a king.  
The king has left the counting-house and wisely spent his money.  
The queen and he are bicycling, forgetting bread and honey;  
The maid has bought a wheel, too, and left her hanging clothes;  
"Would take a noble blackbird, now to nip off half her nose."  
Out of It for Good.  
Citizen: "Age that Senator Quay isn't in it any more."  
Excited Politician: "Not in it? Why what are you talking about? Haven't you read?"  
Citizen: "He's not in it, I repeat. I mean the soup."

## BROKE.

(Apologies to the Ghost of Tennyson.)  
Break, break, break,  
On the cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I—what I could get even  
For the way that you broke me.  
If ever a mortal harbored  
Deadly vengeance in his eye,  
It is I, your humble servant,  
For you milked my wallet dry.  
Break, break, break,  
On thy costly sands, O Sea!  
And I'll make sure that next summer  
You won't get hold of me.  
Nay, unless some fond, rich uncle  
Would make pirates' blood run cold.  
Break, break, break,  
Some far richer chap next time;  
Work him, bleed him, squeeze him, mulct him  
With your bunco game sublime.  
For 'twill be full many a summer  
Ere I'll be a cinch like that;  
For I'm dead now—I mean married—  
And my tomb's a Brooklyn flat.

## A FOOL MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Jones was rich, though single,  
And just to change her luck  
She went across the "mill-pond,"  
And wed a noble duke.  
She's sorry now she wed him,  
And gives as her excuse  
For doing so, that old one,  
That she was just a goose.  
THE REASON.  
Catson: "Is it true that a deputy sheriff cannot molest a man while he is in his club?"  
Kidders: "Yes."  
Catson: "I was wondering why the number of clubs in New York is increasing every year."

## A TALE OF MANY CITIES.

"False, false man!"  
The passing crowd, stopped and gazed with pity at the poor young girl, whose innocent ways told that she was from the country.  
"False!"  
With a sympathetic smile, the floor-walker comforted the dumpty into the house.  
Then the world went its careless way.  
Dividing It.  
From Puck.  
"Aren't you almost through with the morning paper, dear?" said the husband of the emancipated woman at the breakfast table.  
In a minute, replied the latter, who was deep in the sporting news.  
The patient little man waited for five or six minutes, and then said again:  
"Well?"  
"Couldn't you tear off the man's page and let me have it?"

## MA STILL HAS HOPE.

Chorus—Can't we go home now, mamma? Everybody else has gone.  
Mamma—Not yet, my dears. We will wait a little longer and see what we can do with the hunters that come late in the season.

## THAT DREADFUL BARRIER.

She glanced about the room hopelessly.  
"No, it can never be," she murmured.  
"It can never be," a barrier rises between us—an insurmountable barrier."  
He laughed an easy, show-me-any-kind-of-a-tough-wild-barrier-in-it-in-sixteen-pieces sort of manner.  
"Haw!"  
That one utterance conveyed the impression that he made a specialty of breaking down barriers every morning before breakfast.  
"It can't be much," he pleaded. "Tell me its nature, that I may crush it out of existence."  
Again she gazed hopelessly around the room.  
"It is—"  
The words came painfully slow.  
"—a husband in New Jersey."  
People in the houses for blocks and blocks heard through the night a sound as of shuffling feet, but they little wotted that it was a man kicking himself ever onward.

## To the Ballet-Girl.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.  
With sylph-like grace thou proudest art,  
Deserving well the mead thou gett'st  
Of wild applause.  
Full well thou knowest thou dost rule,  
With gentle sway,  
Alike o'er strapping fresh from school,  
And bald rone.  
When thou dost dance with lovely grace,  
Thyself to see  
Would from a martyr's thoughts efface  
His misadvice.  
And when thy face breaks in a smile  
And vision clear,  
'Twould serve the bosom to beguile  
Of anchorite.  
So fascinating are the charms  
That men in this  
That yearningly I stretch my arms;  
And comes to me  
A thought how gladly I would give  
My earthly store,  
With all my own to live  
Forevermore.  
How'er, another side thou hast,  
I hear, O maid!  
And thoughts of which around me cast  
A gloomy shade;  
For, whilst thou seem'st of tender age  
And virgin heart,  
'Tis said that thou, when off the stage,  
A grandma art.

## HER SYMPATHY FOR THE CAUSE.

"Aw, yeth, Mith Stunnnnngleigh, it wath cuwel, vewy, vewy cuwel!" continued Willie Neverleave, gazing blankly at the piano stool.  
"And Gussie was such a bright, chappy, too!" he went on after a pause. "You see he had jist bought the cane and was testing it when it stuck right in his mouth and choked the poor boy; wasn't it cuwel, Mith Stunnnnngleigh?"  
"And the cane?"  
Miss Stunnnnngleigh patted her sleeves to make them stand out more prominently in space.  
"Was it ruled completely?"  
In the dim light she could not tell whether the expression on his face was one of reproach or embarrassment, because he had taken out the piano-stool in his hurry to get his hat.  
UNDOUBTEDLY.  
Honley: "I see that some States allow women to carry fire arms."  
Kilean: "But if their pockets are as hard to find as they are now, they'll never 'get the drop' on anybody, I fear."

## SUCH IS FAME.

Biked (and six at the Princeton football team) comes onto the field—  
"Merry, merrym! I should think some ladies would be perfectly 'shamed to come out wiv their hair all down an' dirty bloomers on."

## THE REFINEMENT OF OBEDIENTY.

Wife: "Why, John, you haven't smoked a single one of these cigars I gave you for your birthday."  
Husband: "I know it, dear. I'm saving them."  
Wife: "Saving them? What for?"  
Husband: "For your father, when he calls."  
Wife (glancing back): "Oh, calling! You are just too good for anything!"

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## Woes of an Arkansas Traveler.

From Puck.  
Col. Eaton Clay (of Little Rock): "Sue me, sah, if evah I go up No'th ag'in!"  
Major Bowie: "Why, Colonel, didn't they treat you right in New York?"  
Col. Eaton Clay: "No, sah! I happened to be taken with my morning chill on the street jist as an organ struck up that midway music, and, eize me, sah, but I was run in fo' dancing the Hoochi Koochi, sah!"

## To Ethel, Pouring Tea.

From Puck.  
Dainty-pownd and fair of face,  
You pour the tea with charming grace.  
The one fair thing in all this rabble  
Of o'dressed folks and silly gals,  
But own up, own up! Ethel dear,  
Would you not rather be from here,  
Showering with me, no one else need  
In quiet talk, far from this rabble,  
A sandwich and a glass of beer?

## Hardy Perennials.

From the Detroit Free Press.  
There are lots of blooming flowers,  
That the frost kills in the garden;  
But we've other kinds of bloomers,  
That the frost can never catch.

## Development.

From Judge.  
The girl to her dotting father brings  
Her lover with a fond salute;  
But as time goes on, O'er's a change in things—  
She brings him a lover's suit.

## Her House.

From the Chicago Post.  
When she entered the house she found  
him searching the pantry  
for "any support," he asked disconsolately.  
"Don't think there's anything but a little cold meat in the house," she replied sweetly. "You see, I didn't have time to get anything this afternoon."  
"I want the entire afternoon of the day,"

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